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## THE FUTURE.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

What is the future? Tell me, mother,  
Is it a dream  
That God has given just to cheer us on,  
With sultry gleam?  
Or is it like the shadow o'er you hill,  
Mysterious, dread;  
Or like the a&shy; shroud that once I saw  
Wrapped round the dead?  
Oh, to-day the butterflies fit and dance  
Across the slopes;  
On the summer trees no faded leaves;  
No withered hopes  
Have o'er fallen to cloud my gladsome path  
Of youth and love;  
The sunshie has ever been golden, sweet,  
Blue skies above.

You call it a cold, hard world, mother,  
Darkened by sin;  
With a bright like a cancer on its bloom,  
Eating within.

You say the sun must set on life's fair morn,  
And shadows creep  
Athwart the sunshine, and that hope and love  
Will fade and sleep.

The laughter that to-day is ringing clear,  
Hushed by slow tears;  
The eyes that sparkle with glad merriment,  
Dulled by quiet tears;

The hair that glistens golden in the sun,  
Faded and gray —

Is this the future that I have to meet?  
Say, mother, say!

Must I live on to count lost hopes and we  
Each joy depart?

Must I walk out in mocking sunshine with  
A shadowed heart?

Will the glad spring of youth by jar and fret  
Be worn away?

If so, the future, mother, is to me  
A slow decay.

Fear not, fair child; the future that you dread  
To day live;

With brighter gleams of sunshine on its path  
Than earth can give!

It is the past that saddens me, the path  
That once you trod;

The future is all brightness, for I press  
Home unto God!

## PRAYER AND HEALING.

BY PROF. L. T. TOWNSEND.

(Read before the Boston Preachers' Meeting,  
Oct. 27, and published by request.)

## SEVENTH PAPER.

Though President Garfield died, Christian people are to pray now the less for the restoration of the sick, —

1. Because the praying instincts implanted in the constitution of men prompt them to pray for things desired. As to these instincts there is no ground for discussion. They everywhere exist; they always have existed. Nor is there any question as to their profound significance. Much, too, is involved. For a praying nature implies a being to pray to; a praying nature and a being to pray to make prayer, when the soul is filled with strong desires, one of the most reasonable of human acts; and what desires are stronger than those of parents for the restoration of their children from physical or spiritual ailments?

2. Because the evidence that God can answer, and has answered, and will continue to answer, the prayers of Christian people, is ample, or at least, as complete as the nature of the case will allow. At several points in these articles this evidence has been presented, and, therefore, need not now be repeated. We merely add to what has been said a single quotation from Prof. Tyndall, found in the *Contemporary Review*:

"It is a matter of experience, that an earthly father, who is at the same time wise and tender, listens to the requests of his children, and, if they do not ask amiss, takes pleasure in granting their requests. We know, also, that this compliance extends to the alteration, within certain limits, of the current events of earth. With this suggestion offered by our experience, it is no departure from scientific method to place behind natural phenomena a universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of his children, alters the currents of these phenomena."

3. Because the commands enjoined in the Bible are positive and explicit. These commands also have been referred to in these papers, and, hence, need not in this connection be again presented.

On the one hand, therefore, as it would seem, Christian people, in view of the praying instincts, in view of facts concerning prayer and Bible commands, are under the profoundest philosophical and religious obligations to pray for whatsoever things they desire, including the restoration of the sick. This duty is not merely reasonable and consistent, but, so far as Christian people are concerned, is imperative. On the other hand, in view of these same considerations, and possibly others, God is under moral obligation, or, perhaps, we would better say, has placed Himself

under the most solemn moral obligations, to answer prayer when its essential conditions are complied with, and when the answer, all things considered, is best. In every case, however, the final decision as to what is best must, with supreme confidence and faith on our part, be left with Him.

And furthermore, from the nature of the case, especially from the strength of our desires and the narrowness of our vision, this confidence and faith often have been, and will doubtless continue to be, tested apparently to the utmost. The unanswered prayers for the recovery of President Garfield should not, therefore, be thought exceptional. The Bible, though most urgent in enjoining the duty of prayer, commanding it or referring to it in no fewer than seventeen hundred instances, still without the least reserve places before its readers cases in which prayers, that one might think could, or even ought to have been answered, were denied. How natural, for instance, it is to ask, "Why did not the infinite and compassionate Father pity the broken-hearted David, King of Israel, when agonizing, fasting and praying for the recovery of his innocent sick child?" (2 Sam. 15: 23.) The child died, however, and seemingly just as soon as if no prayer had been offered.

Under the New Testament dispensation, too, there are striking instances of unanswered prayers. Says the Apostle Paul, afflicted with some sort of physical infirmity, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me" (2 Cor. 12: 8). One might think that this *thrice-repeated* prayer of a good and great apostle should have been answered without delay, and that the Lord should have found some other means by which to curb the Apostle's exaltations. But his prayer was not answered, at least in the way desired.

And, too, what greater surprise among men is there, than that in the garden the well-beloved Son pleaded in vain into the ear of heaven? The record of that unanswered prayer is almost tragic: "And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy. And saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba Father, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Mark 14: 32-36, 44). That specific prayer was not answered; the cup did not pass from the Son of God.

If, therefore, the prayer of the psalmist of Israel and that of Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, were not answered, and especially if the humanity of our Lord was left during a season of midnight darkness to pray for what was not best, and what could not be granted, is it strange that Christian people, too, are sometimes left to pray for what God sees would be harmful, and, therefore, does not grant? May not our intense desire and imperfect vision leave us, perchance, to ask, sometimes, for a deadly white serpent when we mean an egg; for a stone, when we mean a loaf of bread; and for a serpent, when we mean a fish? Who has not, more than once in a life-time, had occasion for thanksgiving that the all-wise Father withheld things harmful — the scorpion, stone and serpent — though most earnestly prayed for?

If our faith abides, we shall doubtless be permitted some time to understand why many of our prayers, even for the sick, could not, in wisdom, be answered. David will some time, if he does not already, know why it was best that the sick child should die, though most earnestly prayed for; perhaps some reasons have already suggested themselves to every student of David's history. Paul was permitted, before he left the earth, to understand that the best answer to his prayer was not to answer it in the specific form desired. The words, "And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee"; . . . "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. 12: 9), show that the apostle's vision had cleared and his faith had triumphed. And, according to our evangelical views, deplorable for the world would have been such an answer to the prayers of our Lord as would have removed the cup pressed to His lips. Though the agony in the garden, such as no other being has known, or can know, well nigh crazed the mortal brain of Christ, yet to do no being in the universe rejoices more than He that the cup, instead of being removed, was by Him drained of its bitterest dregs.

It hardly need be added, therefore, that the time will come when much that seems troublesome in the fact that President Garfield was permitted to die, though a world had knelt at the throne of grace for his recovery, will be made plain. Indeed, our vision as to the ways and wisdom of God in this par-

## WORK FOR GOD ESSENTIAL TO A LIFE OF FAITH.

BY REV. A. ATWOOD.

None will do much good or sacrifice much, unless their hearts are free to it. Nature relectates. But when Christ fills the soul, there is an impelling influence. To resist this impulse is to obscure faith. To seek the praise of men, is to utterly quench it. A mother's love for her child is the strongest impulse, compelling duty. Fulness of love, imparted by the Holy Spirit, has a similar impelling power. The world will never be reached and saved until this divine impulse is felt by Christians generally. Christ went about doing good. So must His followers.

"If you want a field of labor  
You can find it anywhere."

No man can live a life of faith unless he works for God in some way of doing good. In the pulpit he must keep his eye on God, not on himself. In the social means of grace, Christ must be kept constantly before him. Even in speaking to a little child, in aiding the poor or sick, it must be done as in the presence of God. Self must drop out of sight. God must be honored by all who work for Him. Otherwise there will be no feit luxury in trying to do good. A single eye must be secured, or God will not honor our labor. The fields are already white for the harvest. This in I speak from experience principally.

But with both ministers and laymen, all depends on faith in God. This, of course, must be included, must rule in the heart, or there is enjoyment in no moral and spiritual work. With Christ filling the heart, no work is hard; without Him, nothing is easy. There is a luxury in preaching, prayer, and songs of praise, if the heart be right with God. To climb up a devious, dark staircase may be troublesome; but on entering the room where humanity lies suffering, to adjust the pillow, to sit down and sing a verse full of faith and hope, to cheer up the suffering one with words of kindness, pointing to the rest, the mansion prepared and ready for our entrance, to speak of the many loved ones who have gone before, who are seeing us now, and waiting to welcome us "into everlasting habitations" — this kind of work, when continued for a month or two, draws, attracts, cheers, and fills believers with tenderness, sympathy and love as no other work can. I could prove this by giving the names of a half-score of women who were so absorbed in such work as to lay aside all other employ. And they were the happiest Christians I know. To say they enjoyed such work, that to them it was a luxury, is to speak too tamely. It overwhelmed them. In speaking of the suffering ones whom they visited, their faces would seem to light up, tears would start, and praise would come from their lips.

Such work pays better than most other work. To call it hard work is to indicate a low state of grace. Is it hard for a mother to care for her sick babe, or is it impossible to dry up her interest in the child? The soul absorbed in laboring for suffering humanity enjoys far more than most others.

Such work is to be transferred to another division, to be used by the latter while the former remained at home. How far this arrangement was carried out, is unknown to the writer. One thing is certain, that there was a great gathering of the people; and Moody was promptly on hand and present among them.

The man has grown large and portly along these fifteen years. He wears a full beard, appears bold and hearty, stands firmly on his feet, is gentle and affable in his movements and manners, while his seeming is entirely that of "a man among men." There he is, sitting in the front of the great platform, flanked on either side by two long rows of ministers. Behind them are two or three hundred singers, with the "huge organ" in the rear of the whole towering aloft. Before the platform and at right and left are the multitude closely packed, with hundreds standing and crowding every vacant space; while above, the surrounding and spacious galleries are filled without a vacancy to spare — a little world of beings above, and another below, all intently looking; and that portly, bearded man sitting on the central front of that platform being the cynosure of every eye. Meanwhile he is perfectly at home in that chair, sitting there very much as he were in his own parlor with his little family around him. This crowd is, with him, only a larger family. The scenery before him is touching and sublime, but he has looked upon such before; and his manly countenance is not blanched, nor were there any flutters of heart nor tremor of nerves. Quiet and serene as a summer evening, he waits for the coming moment, and all the vast assembly waits with him. Presently, and still sitting, he announces in familiar and gentle tones a hymn. And then there is the peal of the great organ and the outpouring of a thousand voices. The first song being ended, he, forthwith, announces another, and then still another. This man believes in praise and thanksgiving. Then, after long singing of the great choir, wherein he joins heartily, together with the "great and goodly company" of the preachers, and all the serried ranks above and below, a prayer is off-red and another song, and then Moody rises to speak.

There is but the slightest ceremony. He reads a verse or two of Scripture, and proceeds with an exp*salatory* remark, one observation following another rapidly, but with great simplicity of manner, and yet with a style peculiar to himself and which few would undertake to imitate, and which fails not to attract the attention of the crowded audience. He possesses a wonderful aptness for opening up what may be called Bible pictures, presenting Bible scenes in a way to impress thousands with new ideas touching the same scenes or events. In his dramatic talent in this sphere of art he is extremely skillful and happy, and such a gift, whether natural or acquired, cannot fail to contribute essentially to the attractiveness and efficiency of his evangelical labors.

But the accomplishment alluded to is due largely to an extraordinary familiarity with the grand range and scope of the Bible teachings, especially as are of a more practical character. Of the Bible this man has been obviously a constant and profound student, so that he has become, in no mean sense, *steeped* in the lively oracles in their letter and spirit. Not only has he glanced at the wonderful panoramas of Revelation as it moved majestically before him, but he has pondered deeply and tearfully. They were not mere *pictures* that attracted his eye as his Bible lay open before him, but prophets and apostles were living and acting there; and he seemed to be looking into their faces, and listening as they spoke, and walking and conversing with them. He heard Thomas and Andrew as they talked with the Master; and heard Him tell them: "Let not your hearts be troubled!" And then his own heart also was gladdened at the sweet and heavenly words. As Elijah, and the risen Christ ascended heavenward, he saw them rising, and rejoiced at the sight. Not only did he see the great Moses with his rod in his hand, but he saw him cutting it from the forest tree, and shaping it and stretching it forth for the coming of the plagues, for the parting of the waters, for the smiting of the rock to wake up the slumbering fountains. He saw the poor widow stooping over to deposit the two mites, and then, prophet-like, he stood gazing down the ages and watched the millions on millions of treasure which her beautiful example had drawn from loosened purses for the exchequer of the Lord.

Moody is at Washington, on the occasion of a "four-days" meeting, conducted under his auspices and supervision. It seems to have been a meeting designed not so much as a direct evangelical effort as a sort of a conventional occasion for discussing, with ministers and laity, the best means of promoting a genuine revival of religion. His coming was looked for with much interest by all denominations, and such was the anticipation of the thousands who would wish to be in attendance upon the meetings, that tickets were prepared in number equal to the number of sittings in the spacious church to be occupied; and these tickets were parcelled out to the several churches somewhat in proportion to their membership respectively; which being once used by a division of each, were to be transferred to another division, to be used by the latter while the former remained at home. How far this arrangement was carried out, is unknown to the writer. One thing is certain, that there was a great gathering of the people; and Moody was promptly on hand and present among them.

Moody is a man of one book, as well as of one drift, one endeavor. He is not an orator, as that term is more generally understood. He is not a preacher, as preaching is commonly defined. He is a *talker* — a talker of scriptural, spiritual, and excellent things. This is, so to speak, his profession; and in the practice thereof he has no superior, and but few if any equals. He is a fluent talker; and his tongue is the pen of a ready writer. He is a rapid talker; for he has a full soul, and out of the abundance thereof the mouth speaketh. But if rapid, he is, also, a gentle talker. Fluent, rapid, and gentle he is; but it is not one or all of these where lies the *hiding* of this man's power. There has been, and still is, upon him, a heavenly baptism — the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This it is that stamps his character, shaping the heart, guiding the intellect, directing the movement, modulating the voice, touching the tongue, inspiring his faith, inflaming his love, speaking to him, speaking in him, speaking through him, so that the multitudes are moved on hand and present among them.

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address in speaking of him in the third person to a stranger. If Germans will be as particular about titles, they should be as well posted on the etiquette of titles as certain lady friends, who tell me I may address them by their first names if I will be careful to use *Miss* to third persons out of the families. I understand the point now.

I will not write any more now. I must move to the other side of the stove, and it is dark in that corner. Besides, I don't know but that I am cross, and should continue to write ill-naturedly. Moods are foolish things; but there is no place where the weather makes so much difference as in Norway. My face and head are burning; my back is frozen by the chilly draughts, and stiff from climbing and from sleeping on beds of ropes and boards. I can't keep this fire a-going. Some people never can build a fire; but I don't seem to belong to the class that can keep one going. This is indeed an aggravated case. There is no bush within many miles, and the only fuel is the chips from the posts with which an addition to the house is being built. They have been lying in the rain, and are thoroughly soaked.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days later, writing in bed. The drawing sleet and snow continue, and the windows are still padded with clouds. Directly after moving into the dark corner by the fire, it became evident that vair's better part would send me to bed in the middle of the day as the only possible way to keep warm. I made a little scratch on the bedpost, that I wouldn't get up until the sun comes out. A needless vow; perhaps it will be carried out perfectly. I put on all the flannels and clothing which I had scolded about while carrying them on my back up the climbs, and laid over me the furs of the whole establishment. After tossing about for hours in shivering fever, it was not until the next morning and the last drop of warming spirits had been reluctantly sacrificed, that I became warm enough to fall asleep, and to awake afterwards with that conscious glow of warmth and satisfaction, by which one realizes that actual cause for anxiety is past and in time to prevent a weakening perspiration. An interesting physiological circumstance followed. I continued to toss restlessly for several hours without any fever, and was at a loss to explain it. Always a strong advocate of fresh air, it occurred to me that my person had no ventilation through the furs, which I had retained about me. So I replaced the non-porous furs with the blankets, and became quiet at once and fell asleep.

Although I feel fresh to-day, it would be foolish to get up; for everything is wet, even my shoes again, which have unfortunately been on the door. Everything swells in wet weather, and so have the holes in the walls and roof. The roof is, to be sure, only of boards with sods and grass laid upon them; and these latter serve to hold the water until it is ready to fall through. I will lie quietly, as yesterday, and watch the spiders, and think innumerable unwritten letters home.

The people here are very kind and attentive. They prepare me tea (which I fortunately have with me), give me sheets of dried bread with cream and reindeer soup, and listen patiently to my endeavors to talk Norsk. They want to try to build a fire here again

## Miscellaneous.

## THE METHODIST PIONEERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY PROF. CHARLES J. LITTLE.

(Concluded.)

## THE NATIVE PREACHERS.

I come now to speak of the native preachers—the men who were born and began their itinerant life in America. These men defy classification; again and again I have tried to reduce them to groups and failed utterly. And herein lies one glory of the early American pioneers—they were in liveliness almost to uniqueness. This was partly due to the fact that they were the first fruits of a new country. The European in America who survived the desperate struggle for existence into which he had ventured, was in nearly every case a man of hardy frame and robust nature. His children, surrounded by circumstances so unlike those of the Old World, developed characteristics rarely to be met with among the children of long-settled countries.

The inner nature, untrammeled by the pressure of convention, had free course to follow its native tendencies, whether good or bad. When, therefore, the light of God fell upon the souls of these Americans, it dashed back upon the faces of their neighbors an ever fresh but always radiant surprise.

How different is William Watters, the first American itinerant, from Benjamin Abbott, whom Asbury looked upon as an itinerant miracle. How striking the difference between the corpse-like face of John Tunnell, through which gleamed, when preaching, the corning of the splendors of another world, and the manly features of Jesse Lee, radiant with health and exuberant physical energy. Who can listen with Thomas Ware to the song of Caleb Piddock:

"I cannot, I cannot forbear These passionate longings for home. Oh, when shall my spirit be there? Oh, when will the messenger come?"

without a heavenly homesickness that brings tears to his eyes, and dissolves for the time all charms of earthly things?

How different are Garretson's steel-courage, his invincible gentleness, his almost open visions of God's will, from the rough soldier energy and the soldier speech of Joseph Everett, over which flowed the transfiguring beauty of a quenchless love for souls. Or, contrast the concentrated intensity of Rassell Bigelow, which, like electric fire, consumed into thin vapor all material hindrance that impeded the passage of his soul, to the minds and hearts of his listeners, with the many-sided power of William Beauchamp,\* editor, lawyer, mechanic, statesman, preacher, almost bishop. Nay, even the comet of the itinerant system, the man who was never exactly in and never entirely out, Lorenzo Dow, and the lost star which went out in blackness of darkness, whom I will not name, were men of unique and powerful character.

The Methodist pioneers were itinerants in the true sense of the term. They were not confined to State lines or narrow Conference boundaries. Modern Methodism is a group of united ganglia, through which there is no such continuous circulation as marks the vascular system of early Methodism a thing of wonder and of power. Appointments were for large tracts and for small periods—a pioneer might, in three years, have preached in twice as many States. Watters preached in Virginia, in Maryland, his native State, and in New Jersey. Philip Gatch, also a Marylander, preached in Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, New Jersey and Ohio, where Judge McLean says he laid the foundation of Methodism in the West. Garretson traveled through Maryland, his native State, through Virginia, through Nova Scotia, New England and New York. Mortality was in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Connecticut. Jesse Lee took all New England for his parish, which included the then unbroken forests of the Province of Maine, besides traveling with Asbury throughout the Southern States. Howe Hul, another son of Maryland, went to South Carolina in 1786, to Virginia in 1787, to Georgia in 1788, to Connecticut in 1792, and back to Georgia in 1793. Thomas Ware, who was born in New Jersey, traveled through his native State, thence to Delaware, was afterwards on Long Island, and in 1817 volunteered to go with Tunnell to what is now East Tennessee. Valentine Cook, who, though not a native, began his itinerant life in Maryland, preached in Eastern and Western Pennsylvania, in Ohio and Kentucky. Beauchamp began to preach between the south branches of the Potowmack, was stationed at Boston, edited the *Christian Monitor*, the first Methodist newspaper, at Chillicothe, Ohio, founded Mt. Carmel, Ill., was stationed afterwards at St. Louis, and died while presiding elder in Indiana.

The American pioneers were, in the language of Freeborn Garretson, thrust out into the ministry, thrust out by inner compulsion, and the instance of the people. Doubtless there were weaker spirits who were swept into the work by transient excitement, but these soon fell back before the difficulties which confronted and attacked them, for the difficulties of this early work were active as well as passive. I can find but few of whom I am not persuaded they set out deliberately to have a hard time.

Their difficulties were both physical and moral. The eastern shore of Maryland is to this day overrun with malaria, but in those days such was the condition of much of the country through which they were compelled to travel. Good roads in America were rare, rivers were plenty, fords were

few, of bridges there were hardly any. Coke was nearly drowned, but nearly every itinerant could tell his story of floods, and swamps, and nights in the forests, where God gave His beloved sleep in spite of screaming wild-cats and howling wolves. The cabins where they could lodge were few, some of them with the latch-string pulled in; some of them, the resorts of horse-thieves and desperadoes. Beyond the Alleghenies, the Indian prowled with wolf-like ferocity, sparing neither sex nor age. The rude hospitality of the settler was given by a warm heart, but often with dirty hands. The rough blanket which was laid over the itinerant sleeper was sometimes biting with vermin, or the worst forms of cutaneous disease. Often he was hungry, sometimes asking a blessing upon a crust of bread, sometimes days without such as that. Asbury's meagre pittance of sixty-four dollars a year, one cent a mile for six thousand miles, to say nothing of the preaching, was a fair sample of the preacher's pay. Bigelow, of whom I can hardly write without the desire to throw myself at his feet, went clothed like a beggar. McKendree preached the sermon that made him bishop in coarse garments of Western homespun. Roberts came to Baltimore in clothes upon whose mendings his loving wife had well-nigh sewed his skin.

But the moral difficulties which confronted, or, as I said, attacked them, were greater than the physical. The early Methodist preachers in the Middle and Southern States were supposed to be Tories, and were known to be against slavery. Now while the loyalists were far more numerous than the readers of Bancroft over dream, the patriots were suspicious, aggressive and violent in their determinations. Martin Rodda, who had come over as a missionary from England, after the coming of Shadford, managed by his distribution of royal proclamations, to compromise the whole company of itinerants. Moreover, not a few of the preachers were, like Garretson, opposed to war upon principle, and Asbury deemed it wisest to be silent. They could not hope to escape the fury of mobs, and they did not. In the South, although the anti-slavery feeling existed at that time, more or less, in every community, outspoken utterances upon the subject required no little courage. But greater than all this was the opposition to the Methodist preacher which grew out of his faithful plainness and unconquerable earnestness of speech, and out of the alarms which in early days attended upon his ministry.

George Doughty was born in South Carolina, also in 1772, and began to preach in his 26th year. Nine years after, broken all to pieces by study, by toil and by disease, he carried through the Annual Conference at Sparta, Ga., a resolution that "if any preacher should desert his station through fear, in time of sickness or danger, the Conference should never employ that man again." No mob could frighten him, no disease get through his body to his soul, no difficulties daunt his ardent spirit. He hungered for knowledge and thirsted the souls of those who heard him into sympathy with the movements of his own luminous mind, of his own uplifted and expanded soul. Like Lee, he was almost a bishop; like Lee, he needed no official dignity to manifest his greatness.

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## The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON VI.

Sunday, February 8.

Acts 21: 27-40.

PAUL ASSAILED.

By REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

## I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts 21: 13).

2. DATE: May, A. D. 55.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem.

## II. Introductory.

The week was nearly ended. The conciliatory policy, advised by the elders and complied with by Paul, was working well. In a few days the ceremonies of release from the Nazarite vow would be completed and the demonstration fully made that no Jew more sincerely respected the Law than he who had been charg'd with teaching apostasy from it. But among the visitors at Jerusalem were certain Jews from Asia who knew the apostle well, who had suffered defeat in many a polemic passage-at-arms with him, and who hated him with a passionate hatred for subordinating the Law to simple faith in Christ. They had recognized him in the streets with Trophimus, and glared upon him as he passed. But when they found him in the Temple, their fury knew no bounds. Of course he had brought Gentiles with him, though none were now visible—he who cared so little for the Temple. They seized him that he might not escape, and with loud cries of "Israelites, help!" gathered a crowd in a moment. With wild gesticulations they declared Paul to be the wretch who had everywhere maligned their race, their Temple, and their Law, and who had further been guilty of the sacrilege of bringing Gentiles into the holy precincts. Such a charge at once turned the crowd into a furious mob. The news went out like a flame into the city that the Temple had been polluted, and the people, from every point, rushed in a high excitement. They could not wreak their vengeance there, in the Court of the Women, lest they commit a new deliction; but they dragged the apostle through the "Beautiful" gate and down the steps into the Court of the Gentiles. There they rained angry blows upon him, and were preparing to kill him, probably by stoning, when the Roman guard, led by the chief captain, marched in and advanced straight to the centre of the tumult. Paul was rescued from his assailants, and promptly chained with each arm to a soldier. Judging from the excitement, the chief captain thought he had effected an important capture—none other than the Egyptian pseudo-Messiah, whose forces had been dispersed by Felix. He inquired of the mob who the man was, but their fierce, contradictory yellings conveyed no intelligible information. He then gave orders to conduct the prisoner to the castle; but when the soldiers reached the stairs, the mob, mad at having been robbed of their victim, made a furious rush, wh. loud cries of "Away with him!" In the pressure and excitement Paul was lifted off his feet as he was borne rapidly up the stairs by the soldiers. When they reached the gate of the turret, Paul addressed the chief captain in Greek, greatly to the latter's surprise. He briefly declared himself to be, not the suspected Egyptian, but a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, "no man city," and asked permission to address the people, which was granted.

## III. Expository.

1. Assailed by the Jews (27-30).

27-29. When the seven days—the period before the conclusion of the Nazarite vow—allied to the last lesson. Almost ended—R. V., almost completed." This period could not be passed by Paul exclusively in the Temple, for he had been seen in the city in company with Trophimus. The Jews who wore of Asia—R. V., "the Jews from Asia"—his old opponents at Ephesus or elsewhere, to whom the apostle was well known. When they saw him . . . temple—recognized in their very sanctuary the man whom they believed to be their heretic. Stared up all the people (R. V., "the multitude")—who at this time were peculiarly susceptible to excitement. Laid hands on him—to prevent his escape. Men of Israel—"a popular patriotic war cry" (Wieden). Teachers . . . against the people . . . law . . . this place—not merely an enemy of the Law and the Temple, which was the charge brought against Stephen, but the enemy, also, of his own people, preferring the alien Gentiles to his own privileged race. Paul taught everywhere that the Gentiles were fellow-heirs of Israel of the Kingdom. This leveling-up of the long-despised alien the exclusive Jew bitterly resented" (Howson and Spence). Brought Gentiles also into the temple—"an enormous suspicion expressed as a certainty, to whichatology to easily lead" (Meyer). As the next verse shows, these furious Jews pretended that Paul had actually defiled the temple by taking Trophimus, whom they had seen in his company on the stairs, into the inner (second) court. Prof. Plumptre thus translates one of the inscriptions, recently discovered, forbidding Gentiles to pass the precincts of their own court: "No man of alien race is to enter within the balustrade and fence that goes round the temple; if any one is taken in the act, let him know that he has himself to blame for the penalty of death that follows." As Paul was charged with having brought the Gentile in, he of course was the guilty man.

To define the Temple was what every enemy of the Jews tried to do. The Samaritans, like the Hiddean Pompey, had profaned it; and very recently the Samaritans had been charged with deliberately polluting it by scattering dead men's bones over its precincts. Instantly the rumor flew from lip to lip that this was Shaul of whom they had heard—Paul the *messiah*—Paul the renegade rabbi, who taught and wrote that Gentiles were as good as Jews, the man who blasphemed the Torah, the man whom the synagogues had scourged in vain, the man who went from place to place getting them into trouble with the Romans; and that he had been caught taking him into the Temple a Gentile, an uncircumcised *ger*. The punishment for that crime was death; death by the fall of the Roman youths who set foot to set foot beyond the *cher* (Farrar).

30. All the city was moved.—At that time the merest spark would set the city afame. People ran together—a tumultuous rush to seize the profane intruders and execute summary vengeance upon them. Took Paul—R. V., "had hold on

Paul," who was at this time probably in the inner court—the Court of the Women. Drew him out of the temple—R. V., "dragged him out of the temple," into the Court of the Gentiles. To have killed him where they found him, they longed to do, would have been an added sacrifice. The doors were shut—by the Levites in charge.

7. God has His own way to deliver His followers out of sore trial.

8. Here is the courage and deep the convictions of a man who, rescued one moment from deadly blows, is the next asks leave to confront his would-be murderers.

## V. Illustrative.

## DESCRIPTION OF BIOTRY.

I have to forewarn you that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. His name is "Biotry." With a tongue as smooth and deceptives as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors to sow "arrows, firebrands and death" in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in the open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry; and, in so doing, he makes no scruple to employ slander, misrepresentation and falsehood; for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope, if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword; I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and, should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and, should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery, and the Dutch Reformed grieve him with a whole round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and, after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep, and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble! (George C. Cookman.)

## VI. Interrogative.

1. Whom did Paul encounter in the Temple? 2. What did they do? 3. What did they say? 4. With what defilement did they charge him? 5. What ground had they for it? 6. What was the Temple law in reference to Gentiles?

7. How wide did the commotion spread? 8. What did the mob try to do to Paul? 9. Who rescued him, and how?

10. Describe the position and use of the Castle of Antonia.

11. Why was Paul bound?

12. What wrong idea did the chief captain entertain?

13. What did he learn from the crowd?

14. Describe the scene on the stairs.

15. What request did Paul make?

16. How did he describe his nativity?

17. What practical lessons do you learn from this narrative?

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A single word was enough to surround Lydia with a well-disciplined contingent of centurions and soldiers, and he instantly dashed a'long the cloister roof and down the stairs into the Court of the Gentiles. The well-known clang of Roman arms arrested the attention of the mob. They had had some terrible warnings very lately. The memory of that awful day when they trampled each other to death by thousands to escape the cohort of Cumanius, was still fresh in their memory. They did not dare to resist the mailed soldiers of their conquerors (Farrar).

18. Who immediately took—R. V., "and forth with he took." Soldiers and centurions—implying a considerable force, as the centurions were captains of a hundred men. Ran down unto them—R. V., "ran down upon them." Left off bashing Paul—mob violence checked by discipline and authority. Laid hold on him—R. V., "took him." Commanded him to be bound with two chains—Roman fashion, the prisoner chained by each arm to a soldier. Demanded who he was? R. V., "inquired who he was." Lydia thought he had captured a notorious Egyptian insurgent.

19. A single word was enough to surround Lydia in the Court of the Women, lest they commit a new deliction; but they dragged the apostle through the "Beautiful" gate and down the steps into the Court of the Gentiles. There they rained angry blows upon him, and were preparing to kill him, probably by stoning, when the Roman guard, led by the chief captain, marched in and advanced straight to the centre of the tumult. Paul was rescued from his assailants, and promptly chained with each arm to a soldier. Judging from the excitement, the chief captain thought he had effected an important capture—none other than the Egyptian pseudo-Messiah, whose forces had been dispersed by Felix. He inquired of the mob who the man was, but their fierce, contradictory yellings conveyed no intelligible information. He then gave orders to conduct the prisoner to the castle; but when the soldiers reached the stairs, the mob, mad at having been robbed of their victim, made a furious rush, wh. loud cries of "Away with him!" In the pressure and excitement Paul was lifted off his feet as he was borne rapidly up the stairs by the soldiers. When they reached the gate of the turret, Paul addressed the chief captain in Greek, greatly to the latter's surprise. He briefly declared himself to be, not the suspected Egyptian, but a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, "no man city," and asked permission to address the people, which was granted.

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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.)

## Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1885.

Faith opens a window through which the soul sees a God of love, a Saviour from sin, a state of endless purity, a heaven of ecstatic bliss. Unbelief seeks to wall up that window. Surely, unbelief is mad, and its teachers are the world's mischief makers.

To preserve one's animal life, one must put it to the uses for which it is given; is it not even so with one's spiritual life? The purpose of the latter is to bring its possessor into complete harmony with God. Hence its preservation depends upon habitual self-surrender to the will of Christ, on abiding trust in God's word, and on such benevolent work as falls within the sphere of one's capabilities and opportunities. Thus used, it lives on, "a well of water incessantly springing up unto eternal life."

Centennial year! Glorious year! What results does it show of a hundred years of organized Methodism? Can any other church show such results for the same length of time? How much you owe to Methodism! Have you made a thank-offering for what it has done for you and the world? If not, do it at once. Give something, if but a few cents. Perhaps you inquire, "To what object shall I give?" All our educational institutions need aid. Many of the churches, heavily burdened with debt, must have assistance, especially the Broadway Church, South Boston. The New England Methodist Historical Society, that is trying to gather the materials for illustrating and preserving the hundred years' history of Methodism, needs to be remembered in the centennial offerings. Be sure and give something to some object. It is the last opportunity you will ever have to make a Methodist centennial offering.

## THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

The remarkable article in the *Century*, a month ago, by Mr. Geo. W. Cable, in reference to the character and possibilities of the colored man of the South, his just claims, and his treatment by his white fellow-citizens, has very naturally awakened much discussion at the South and no little violence of temper towards the popular novelist. Mr. Cable first disturbed the sensibilities of some of his fellow Southerners by intimating in his late novel — "Dr. Sevier" — that the cause for which the northern portion of the Republic fought was just, and that the South was coming to the acknowledgment of this. This sentiment is quite warmly, if not indignantly, repudiated by not a few writers who have rushed into print. They may yield, as decided by the bitter arbitration of battle, the question as to the right of one or more of the States withdrawing from the Union; they are willing now, they say, to heartily accept the old flag and to stand by the undivided Republic; they accept the fact of the irreversible emancipation of the negro; but it touches the quick and fires the Southern heart to declare his cause in the late rebellion an unrighteous one. It reflects dishonor, they affirm, upon their venerated dead, and upon many living fellow-citizens who periled their blood for the "lost cause," and calls out, in the United States Senate, as well as in the periodical literature of the hour, the strongest protestations. There will, doubtless, be a great many funerals of men in high social position, and the passing away of a whole generation, at least, before this estimate of the character of the late rebellion will be changed at the South, or allusion to it cease to awaken violent emotion.

But Mr. Cable has gone much further than this in his manly and truly Christian article in the *Century*. It is one of the most significant and hopeful signs of the hour. His posi-

tion is even more pronounced in reference to the claims and treatment of the negro than that of Dr. Haygood. In one of our usually very calm and kind religious exchanges the editor says of the article, that it is "very naturally provoking unfriendly criticism at the South." The hopeful significance of this contribution of Mr. Cable is seen in the fact that it is written by a Southern man, "to the manner born." Our exchange calls him now "an imported New Englander," as if he had expatriated himself; but he has not. His sympathies are still with his home people. He finds there the scenes and subjects of his delightful and instructive stories. It is not an inborn prejudice, a jealousy, or the hatred of the South, that prompts what Mr. Cable so ably develops and enforces in his article; it is the prompting of a philanthropic, of a Christian, and of a truly patriotic heart. He sees that the safety and success of the South turns upon her righteous solution of the negro question, and that the well-being of the whole country is to be affected by it. It is an amazing gain to have an intelligent and cultivated Southerner, in the most positive but generous manner, set these doctrines forth before the eyes of his own people. The Haygoods and the Cables are as sure to multiply at the South as the years are to roll on, and as there is a just God, who is the Father of us all, in heaven; and this means emphatically "a new South."

Of the objectionable opinions of Mr. Cable, our exchange says: "Mr. Cable — Louisianian, by the way — thinks that the negro, with equal chances, is the white man's equal in every possible respect. He pleads for the education of both colors in the same schools." These sentences contain the *gravamen* of the criticism against Mr. Cable. There is little attempt to answer the clear reasoning of the advocate for justice in behalf of the colored man, or the impressively-urged indictments against his former masters and present fellow-citizens in reference to their disregard of his political right, or his claims for fair treatment, of a real jury trial by his peers, and an adequate education. There is no reasonable answer that can be made. The writers in opposition simply appeal to a prevailing sentiment, and intimate that any change in this respect is hopeless. But it is not. These noble Southerners to whom we have referred, and others already largely emancipated from traditional prejudices, are rapidly creating new sentiments and a better social atmosphere.

Not less significant than the facts just mentioned is the remarkable symposium in the February issue of the A. M. E. Church Review, upon "The Effect of the Democratic Return to Power." Fourteen educated colored gentlemen, with Frederick Douglass at their head, and one cultivated lady, Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, write short articles upon the topic. No one can read them without being struck by their general ability — the lady's article in no measure inferior to the best of the others, or to any contribution that we have seen from her sex of a paler hue. We are equally impressed with the calmness and sobriety of their reasoning. But one or two manifest any bitterness or lingering desire for retribution to follow the wrongs which the race has suffered. They all show a remarkably clear apprehension of the significance of the late political revolution. They have little fear that any serious additions to their political and social burdens will be made. Indeed, they shrewdly apprehend that, to avoid losing the concurrence of the northern wing of their party, and to win the vote of the colored man, their rights and the privileges of school may be more generously accorded to them. It would be well for any Southern who have doubts as to the possibilities of the colored men taking on a higher education and cultivation, to read these manly and very able papers. In tone and temper, in practical sense and in self-restraint, and in a clear view of political duties and obligations, these productions compare very favorably with any that have been written by their white fellow-citizens on the same question.

The pen is mightier than the sword. These discussions will have their influence. The black men do not appeal to passion, but to the universal sense of justice. Their voice will be heard in the Republic. The weak and darkened reason of some men, is possible in the providence of God. The right will prevail, and the wrong will be vanquished by the silent but powerful forces with which God has filled His universe.

A full report of the annual meeting of the N. E. Methodist Historical Society will appear next week.

## BRIEF MENTION.

We have received the printed programme of the first Annual Conference in Mexico, presided over by Bishop Harris. There were nineteen members present, and nine missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society. It met on the 15th of January. A great variety of interesting exercises are on the schedule.

The Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association holds its annual meeting at the Melonion, Tremont Temple, Jan. 27-29. On the 29th a social and supper will be enjoyed in the same place. Well-known speakers are engaged for the different sessions.

Inquiries are constantly made of us in reference to the Temperance Drama, by Mrs. R. H. Wood, which we noticed a few weeks since. Copies of it can be obtained by addressing her at Southbridge, Mass.

The Tribune Almanac has become an annual necessity. It arranged summary of political events — the presidential vote, with full election tables, the laws passed at the last session of Congress, with the members of the two Houses and the officers of government — render it an invaluable manual for the desk. Hon. Edward McPherson is its editor. Price, 30 cents.

Mrs. W. F. Crafts has prepared a valuable book of Blackboard Temperance Lessons, the second issue of which has been published by the National Temperance Society of New York. They afford excellent material for the teachers of young children for showing the dreadful consequences of drinking alcoholic liquors.

The excellent and suggestive paper by Mr. William M. F. Round, secretary of the New York Prison Discipline Society, entitled "Our Criminals and Christianity," published in the *Homicide Review*, and read at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, at St. Louis, has been published in a separate pamphlet, and is worthy of a wide distribution.

The Circular of Information from the National Bureau of Education, No. 6, 1884, is upon "Rural Schools," progress in the past, and means of improvement in the future. By means of circular information has been collected in reference to the condition of public school education in sparsely populated portions of the country. Valuable suggestions are made, and illustrations given from European schools.

L. Prang & Co. issue very neat valentines for the approaching 14th of February — a very grateful improvement upon the hideous caricatures which usually fill the post-offices on that day.

The Monday lectures of Joseph Cook for the present season commence on Monday noon, Feb. 2. Tickets are now being secured. These desirable seats should obtain them at once. They can be had at the box office, Tremont Temple. There will be 1,700 free seats.

We are indebted to a generous member of the Y. M. C. Association of Boston for a life membership, accompanied with a handsome certificate duly signed, in this very efficient Association. We are honored by the gift, and heartily return our acknowledgments. We are always glad to render the society all the aid in our power in its important work.

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Thursday of this week is the appointed day throughout the country, of prayer for colleges. No denomination has a wider interest in such a service as ours. In these institutions of our church are the *elite* children of our family. The future of the church, in a large sense, rests in their hands. Let earnest prayers go up to God for pure and powerful religious revivals among them all!

We continue to receive letters from different portions of the country in reference to the lack of pastoral visiting among the poor and sick. Some of them are painful enough.

One writes from Maine that he has been an invalid for four years, and his pastor for three years only visited him once, and was sent for at that time. In one instance an old pastor, on exchange, was asked to call, but he excused himself by intimating that he had as much pastoral work as he could attend to in his own charge. These are painful cases. It is possible there is another side to them. We know of no thin personality; but certainly, if the statements are justified, some pastors have seriously failed of the discharge of a sacred duty.

The Annual Catalogue of Wesleyan University is published on a smaller page than usual, but is very neatly printed and makes a stout and very inviting pamphlet in appearance. It bears on its cover the University seal, with a striking face of Wesley within it. A very full exposition is made of all the college departments and of its regular and elective curricula. It numbers 202 students, which we believe, is the largest body thus far gathered upon its annual roll. It has a large and very able faculty, with one of the finest suites of buildings in the number of our denominational institutions, and stands out today with her thousand and more graduates every worthy to be the honored mother of our American Methodist system of schools for the higher education.

Harper's Magazine for January contains a very interesting paper entitled, "Thirty Years of the Slave Trade," written by Mr. Howard Mudge Newhall, of Lynn, a graduate of Wesleyan University, class '79. Mr. Newhall is himself a large manufacturer, associated with his father, and he gathered a mass of very interesting and suggestive details in reference to the progress of the business and the effect of its growth and increase of machinery upon the wages of the laborer. The article is finely written, as well as full of valuable information.

The Boston Method St. Union held its first meeting for the new year on Monday evening, Jan. 19. There was a large attendance. Many new members came in. Hon. E. H. Dana very gracefully introduced his successor, Dr. L. B. Dutton, as the president of the Union, as its secretary and treasurer. The Union owes a great debt of gratitude to H. N. Shepard, esq., its late secretary and treasurer, who has filled the office so efficiently for many years. His many public duties rendered his resignation, which was most reluctantly accepted, necessary. The chaplains of the evening were Drs. Elias and McKeown. The support was abundant and evidently well-relished. Not the least grateful or important part of the monthly gathering is the social interview, during which over a hundred of our laymen have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. The intellectual *pièces de résistance* was an address by Dr. W. F. Warren, President of Boston University. He presented an outline of his wonderful, and amazingly sustained, theory, that the Garden of Eden was at the North Pole, whence has streamed down the population of the earth. Possibly this accounts for the strange fascination which invests this mysterious magnetic

point, over whose now frosty axis the flaming Aurora Borealis continues to play, and which draws men at the peril of their lives to its discovery. Dr. Warren held his audience firmly in his grasp and called forth repeated volumes of applause by his magnificent sentences, even if he did not succeed in winning absolute faith in his daring speculation. Bishop Foster was a guest of the evening, always welcome, although he did not speak. He was wearied with a very full and hard day's labor on the previous Sabbath, and by his earnest address at the Preachers' Meeting. The church must not work this burdened servant so severely; his life and strength are too precious to us to be perilled. The Free South Boston Church is resting as a serious burden upon his heart, but the noble response of the members, subscribing from their small salaries \$2,500 in addition to \$1,000 which he and Bishop Mallalieu, with two of the ministerial brethren, had already subscribed, gave him great encouragement. The ministers in other portions of the Conference, with their generous lay brethren, will take hold of this master at once and vigorously, this perilous

charge will be immediately and forever averted.

Bishop Foss, at the late meeting of the California Conference, in an address on church extension work, is reported as saying: —

"The victory of temperance will not come till the ranks of consecration of the church are filled, and every pupil in its school will bring with total abstinence and prohibition. If this victory shall be gained by blood, I know not. Blood shed in this cause will be holy.

The *North American Review* for February opens with a seasonal discussion by Pres. Bradford, Wm. Purcell, Senators Dawes and Vance, and Roger A. Pryor, esq., of the question, "How Shall the President be Elected?" The venerable historian, George Bancroft, writes a very elogetic review of Dr. Holmes' "Life of Emerson." Prof. G. Stanley Hall gives an interesting description of the "New Departure in Education." Prof. W. G. T. Shedd has an able article upon "The Certainty of Endless Punishment." Prof. C. A. Young writes upon "Theories Regarding the Sun's Corona." The somewhat sensational article is the symposium by Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, Jr., and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the question, "Shall Clergymen be Politicians?" The response of Dr. Van Dyke is eminently sensible, and that of Mr. Beecher as eminently characteristic.

Rev. Dr. Thomas O. Summers, late editor of books and of the *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Church, South, has been peculiarly fortunate in his biography. He was designated by the Doctor himself — Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D., his successor in the editorship of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville, Tenn.). Dr. Summer's life, of itself, was not remarkable. It illustrated the truth, so often set forth, that nothing is impossible to a diligent, courageous and faithful youth. The poor English lad, born on the isle of Purbeck, Dorset, made his way to this country with little capital besides a brave and hopeful heart, an insatiable desire for knowledge, an invincible perseverance, and the ever-present Providence of God. The story of his career had few novel events in it. It is a normal life, with its temptations, its great religious events — an untrammeled conversion — its undoubtedly call to the ministry, with an early exhibition of marked intellectual ability on the part of the subject. The Doctor was not an eloquent man, nor especially attractive in address, or manner, or temper. He was positive, dogmatic, persistent, overbearing, but a conscientious Christian, a loyal Methodist, a most orthodox divine, and a profound scholar in many lines of religious investigation.

Now to make a perfectly charming biography out of such material as this; to have the picture perfectly true to nature; to bring out distinctly even the blemishes, and at the same time to make the book as fascinating a work of fiction, is only the work of genius. And this our excellent friend has accomplished. We read the book through from beginning to end without an intermission. No friend could raise a more worthy monument to the memory of departed worth.

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One writes from Maine that he has been an invalid for four years, and his pastor for three years only visited him once, and was sent for at that time. In one instance an old pastor, on exchange, was asked to call, but he excused himself by intimating that he had as much pastoral work as he could attend to in his own charge. These are painful cases. It is possible there is another side to them. We know of no thin personality; but certainly, if the statements are justified, some pastors have seriously failed of the discharge of a sacred duty.

A Boston correspondent of the *Occident*, the Congregationalist paper of San Francisco, makes a sadly mixed-up contribution to its columns in reference to the dedication of Morgan Chapel in this city, and the relation of the two denominations now interested in it to each other. It is most objectionable and founded on a misapprehension of the admirable, uncompromising, butteniently Christian address of Rev. S. F. Jones, on the occasion.

Rev. Henry Morgan a sincere, eccentric, independent Methodist minister, who had gathered considerable popularity by his lectures against rum, Romanism and riotous living, had built a chapel with adjoining houses, and was anxious to have his property, as he was a bachelor, left to him after his death. He conversed with the editor of this paper about making the Wesleyan Association the administrators of his estate. Finally, as the Unitarians had a well-constituted, incorporated city mission society, he placed the property in the hands of this body, with the proviso that the pulpit of the chapel should always be supplied by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was about the same arrangement that had been made in force for a half century in the case of Father Thomas' Bethel — the trustees and supporters were chiefly Unitarians, but the pulpit was to be supplied by the Conference of the M. E. Church. There was no incoming or compromising of faith; both denominations had their separate well-defined functions — one to administer the property, the other to supply the pulpit.

It is a very lively book, as any one will be pleased with the Doctor's style will tell, and will be read with interest by the young as well as by their seniors. The work is published in New York city, by H. C. Lewis & Co., at the Bible House. \$3 a year. 75 cents for this number.

It is certainly a curious incident in the progressive civilization of the hour, that a leading Japanese periodical, published at the capital of the empire, urges that Christianity should be encouraged in that realm, as foreigners are now permitted to dwell in all portions of it, that it might become an adequate restraint to them, and keep the country free from the gross licentiousness and lack of moral restraint exhibited in the open ports where foreign visitors first congregated. All this is encouraging, and at the same time an occasion of shame that the Christian faith has been so sadly disdained by members of professedly Christian nations.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, in commenting upon the difference between what it calls the Puritan Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath as accepted by Roman Catholics, says: "Th Church [Roman] forbids servile work on Sunday, but she does not even forbid a game of cards or a family quadrille in the evening." This sentence the editor breaks by asking: "What will Zion's Herald say to this?" It says, it is so much the worse for the church, for the editor, and for the young, for the unorthodox young people who are encouraged in such unscriptural license.

The *Quaker* is the English illustrated Sunday magazine. It is ably conducted, and filled with interesting and instructive literature. The issue for February opens with a paper from Rev. L. D. Brown, D. D., late of the British Church, New York, upon "Popular American Preachers." After a short essay characterizing the American pulpit as distinguished from the English, Dr. Brown describes very happily the preaching of Dr. Duryea, Dr. Brooks, and Joseph Cook. The illustrations of this number are excellent. \$1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., New York.



## The Family.

"IT DOETH NOT YET APPEAR  
WHAT WE SHALL BE."

BY MARK TRAFTON.

"Tis veiled in mystery — on that shore  
The heavy mists so darkly lie;  
Vainly we labor to explore,  
Vainly we turn the anxious eye.

We list — no tones come booming on  
From that eternal, waveless sea,  
No sounding shore no echoes strong  
Wake the soul-stirring harmony.

We shall — aye, they are who've fled;  
But what they are, what we shall be,  
Are secrets which the voiceless dead  
Are bound to veil in mystery.

We saw them, weary of the strife,  
Bending beneath life's heavy task;  
We saw them yield this troubled life,  
But what they are, we vainly ask.

They left us, and we watched the form  
Retiring, fading from our sight,  
As clouds before the coming storm;  
To regions where the skies are bright.

Soft fell that faintly-breathe'd "adieu,"  
That whisper we still hear alone;  
We gazed till they were lost to view —  
That form bright in love's radiance shone.

That was life's pensive twilight hour;  
The sun is all beneath the sea;  
But ab, love's strange, reflective power  
Returns that vanished form to me!

Dark is the veil which hangs before us;  
What now are, what we shall be,  
So dim the objects wh ch are seen  
In the faint light which comes to me.

Will friend meet friend as here we met,  
With smiles of love, not false, nor brief?  
The cheek no more with tears be wet,  
The heart ne'er throb again with grief?

Shall we bear with us there the load  
Which binds us to the loved ones now?  
Or shall we of each other fond  
Read friendship on each other's brow?

Will tastes, diversified as these  
We follow in this lower sphere,  
Lead where peculiar pleasure flows  
To please the eye, or charm the ear?

Shall we with kindred souls retire  
Far from that pure and glorious throng  
To tune the harp, and string the lyre,  
To sing the old, remembered song?

Or by some murmuring stream away,  
In the sweet amaranthine bower,  
Recall the scenes of this brief day,  
Obedient still to memory's power?

Would this be pleasure without pain?  
Would no regrets then cloud the brow?  
Could we recall this life again,  
Nor feel remorse, as we must now?

The hasty word the friend that stung,  
The taste that met so cold return,  
The doubt that trusting bosom wrung,  
The slight that made the pale cheek burn?

If here with grief we this reca l,  
And mourn what we cannot repair,  
If o'er this, tears of sorrow fall,  
Must we not feel this sorrow there?

Or shall we, raised above these things,  
Smile at these haltings of the mind,  
As what our lower nature brings;  
With in the grave is left behind?

Will not the loved we leave behind  
Bring us back to this above,  
Our souls so close with love entwined,  
Long them to aid to bear life's load?

Dark, misty, unrevealed state,  
Our mode of being o'er the flood;  
None have returned here to relate;  
"Such secret things belong to God."

Be still, my heart, nor long to know  
What, known, might overwhelm the soul!

On, on, in this stern conflict go,  
And faint not till you reach the goal!

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." The old cry of the Thessalonians may sound from Boston lips to-day, for our city is under siege. The "Salvation Army" has encamped in our midst, and, to use its favorite expression, is "firing red-hot shot" into the enemy's camp.

It means to "take Boston." Nothing less than the grand sum-total of a "saved city" will satisfy this band. Were it not well for us who form a part of Boston, to inquire into its purposes and its methods, that we may know whether we should yield at discretion, or arm for resistance?

The Salvation Army is a fact to-day — a fact in the Christian world. As a fact, it deserves to be treated by Christians with something other than sneers, something other than indifference. It deserves what, alone, it asks at our hands — honest, unprejudiced observation. This, for the past month, we have been trying to give; and the result of this observation we desire to make known to others.

May I drop the newspaper "we," and come down to a personal experience? For me to write an article in behalf of the Salvation Army is not wholly unlike Paul's experience when he preached Christ in the very cities where he had persecuted His followers. For I hated the Salvation Army. I did not know that it was hated — I called it "righteous indignation," "a just contempt of cant and narrow prejudice," and it is really wonderful how great a difference a name makes! I was fitted by nature thoroughly to dislike the Salvation Army. The fervor of Methodism in its most extreme types has always been disagreeable to me. Still, I presume I should never have given the Army a thought beyond a refined shudder for its coarseness and an involuntary sneer at its methods, had it not come very near my own life. The two friends whom, outside of family ties, I count dearest, went to England last spring for rest and travel — two sisters from a wealthy, cultured home; ladies in the best sense of that often-abused word; graduates of Vassar College; brilliant, witty, fitted for any position in life, for whose future I had built large hopes; "refined," too, in their religious life, the one an Episcopalian with a strong leaning towards ritualism, the other a Swedenborgian; and almost the first news that came to me was that they had

joined the Salvation Army, and were preaching in street and in barrack!

All the indignation of my nature was aroused. I felt that they had disgraced themselves; that they had been led by a wild band of fanatics into a course which they must, in after years, bitterly regret. I wrote them very plainly, but there was such a new strength and sweetness in their replies that, in spite of myself, I bowed before the spirit which possessed them. At last I yielded to their request, and went to "study" a meeting in Windsor Theatre. I tried to go without prejudice, but I was filled with it, and when "Capt. Jack" led his band of "pocketed tambourine players" on to the platform, even his sweet, pure face failed to disarm me, and I found myself wondering, with Dr. Lyman Abbott, why the Lord did not send fire from heaven upon such blasphemers.

That meeting converted me to one fact — the need of some such work, the need of a warfare more aggressive than the Christian church is waging to-day. I did not know there were such faces in Boston; I did not dream that words of simple Gospel truth could be received with such wild jeerings and hootings, such laughter and scorn. I had attended a respectable church for so many years, and sat amidst, or preached to, a "respectable" audience, that I had come to believe that the whole world had this, at least, in common — a respect for Christianity. One Salvation Army meeting opened my eyes.

"Do you think they do any good?" a friend asked me. "They have done me this good, at least," I replied; "they are the scavengers of the church," and they are cleaning the sewers, too, thank God!

I had come to feel as if the world had attended his last obsequies. Lieut.

Faithful faced her mocking, jeering audience the other Sunday evening with these words: "If Christ were on earth to-day, you'd crucify Him!" and I felt that she spoke the truth.

We are let alone, so long as we are so much of the world that the world can feel comfortable in our presence; but we have only to separate ourselves entirely to know Christ's words, "They shall persecute you." And not the Salvation Army alone, but the history of every great religious movement bears out this assertion. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you!" How much square, honest hatred do you think the world gives the average church to-day? If you want to know how it can hate, go into a Salvation Army meeting.

Their converts hold out, too, in a marvelously large proportion. They watch over their soldiers — differing that from us, alas! with whom the relative value of a soul seems to decrease the moment it comes within the pale of the church. We compass sea and land to make one convert; when made, we let him alone! Not so the Salvation Army. The rough who jeers to-day may be saved to-night. Being saved, tomorrow finds him on their platform saving others, and thus out of defeat日益 increasing ranks proclaim.

As I stood by Mother Stoner that day, she said, "Sing!" We struck up, "Let me go, the Jesus calls me." She heard His voice far on beyond the darkness of the valley of death; she heard her Shepherd's voice, and she knew it. "Glory!" she shouted, with lips that were quivering with physical pain. "Glory! Glory to God!"

The other day she welcomed Bishop Wiley home to heaven. He came by the way of China. It would seem almost as if he made a pilgrimage to Foochow to die. God said to Moses, "Get thee up into Pisgah and die there." It may be some such message came to Bishop Wiley's heart. He told the North China Conference that it might be God would permit him to lay down his life where he began his missionary labors thirty-four years ago. Myriads welcomed him to heaven, but amid all the mighty throng was there a happier spirit than Glory Stoner, his Sabbath-school teacher of more than fifty years ago?

Behin, shout after her, "There goes Glory Stoner."

It was my blessed privilege to stand by her dying bed. Her pastor, Bro. Sears, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, took me to look upon the wonderful scene. Knowing that she was in some way connected with the spiritual history of Bishop Wiley, I asked her to tell me about it. She said she saw a little boy come up to the door of the church one day, and look timidly in while the school was in session. She ran out after him, and persuaded him to enter and join her class. A revival swept through the church when that boy was ten years old, and he was among the converts. His faithful teacher led him to the "mourners' bench" where, as the Bishop afterwards said, "she prayed with me I felt a new light in my heart . . . I do not know whether it was conversion or not. I know I loved God and His people and all His works, and could not remember when I did not." Glory Stoner should have been a soul to me!

One Monday morning she rapped softly at my door, and came in, wearing a sober face.

"Well, Charlotte, are you ready for school?"

"Yes, Miss Kate, I is; but I seen trouble dis mornin'. My ma done whip me sound, she did for true."

"Why, what did you do, Charlotte?"

"Well, I take de bluebottle to my grandma's house, an' it been jes like de small sweet bottle on your table, an I put him all on my frock, like I seen you put him on de hankercher, and I clar de troof, he done spoll my frock. And den my ma do her duty to me; yes, she didn't put it on so as to oblige the almighty."

"Faithful servant." "Oh, no, indeed, sir. I just stuck it on top of the chair, so as to save room."

". . . Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation to get up in the morning week except Sunday, and kept Charlotte clean and spotless. She never tried to play like other children, and kept her plain cotton frock, as she called it, with dainty care.

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... Some months since a rector in the Established Church visited a Wesleyan chapel, hearing a party of freemen give a hymn, and said: "Friend, this is all wrong; this disturbance is unseemly, this excitement uncalled for. When Solomon was building the temple there was sound of neither hammer, nor nail, nor chisel."

"The Wesleyan pastor replied: "That's all right, brother; but we are not building; we are just blasting."

... A great man was sawing wood, when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his five boys. Lifting up his voice he called, but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, all appeared, and it was not necessary to call them. "Where were you all last two hours ago?" When the boy said, "I was in the shop settin' a hen," said the second. "I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the second. "I was in grand'ma's room settin' the clock," said the third. "I was in the garret settin' the trap," said the fourth. "You are a fine set of rascals," remarked the father. "What were you all doing?" "We were all blue-bottle, and one is de blue-bottle," said the youngest.

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## AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Impressed with a deep conviction that an urgent exigency has arisen in the history of the temperance cause, a large number of persons in all parts of the land have expressed the opinion that a new organization of the temperance forces should be effected on a broad basis, to conserve and give direction to this important reform. For this purpose, after extensive consultation, a meeting was held in Boston, Jan. 1, 1885, at which a National League (non-partisan and non-sectarian) for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, was organized, under whose direction we now address the public.

A great contest is upon us. A dire and barbarous foe seeks to throttle the Republic, and no weak, doubtful or one-sided measures will suffice. The times call for combination, on a broad basis of unity.

History abounds in instances of the usurpation and tyranny of oligarchies which were overthrown only by the uprising of the people. A formidable institution, familiarly called the liquor traffic, exerts a dominant, deadly influence in American society. Its tyrannizing power is felt in politics and legislation, in courts and juries, in trade and finance, in literature and science, in schools and colleges, in social and religious life. An oligarchy of nearly two hundred thousand men, engrossed in the sale of intoxicants, presume to claim the responsibilities and privileges of government over fifty millions of people. How far it has succeeded in excusing its fatal sway is only too palpable in the evidences of wretchedness, crime and ruin all around us.

Only a united movement of the people can overthrow this malignant despotism. To combine, as far as possible, all present efforts, and to create new agencies for delivering society from the evils which have proved insuperable from the trade in intoxicants, this National League has been formed. Its members do not think it wise to commit the organization to any particular party, nor to form a new one. As a matter of history, they remember that oligarchies are usually overthrown by the people, and not by divided partisan action. The members of this League therefore do not favor entangling this reform with partisan affiliations. They believe their purpose will be soonest and best secured by keeping it clear of all such embarrassments.

The work of the League must be largely to create and unify public sentiment, seeking to build it up from the bottom line of true reform. Intelligent convictions in the hearts of the people, with God's blessing, afford the only sure basis on which deliverance from the alcohol curse can be reasonably expected. To produce, strengthen and enliven such convictions will be a large part of our work. The needed legislation and enforcement of law will surely follow. Public sentiment soon shows itself in legislation and administration. We propose to build the pyramid not from the apex, but from the base.

This League also invokes and expects to maintain the sanction of law, in what they are willing to call a crusade against this great organized evil so much to be dreaded in the land. The dealers in liquor say that they may be left to the same laws which govern other trades. But when a man sells an article the use of which takes away the judgment of him who buys, he must not expect to be left to the laws which govern other tradesmen, for the State must interpose and insist upon protecting those who are thus made unable to protect themselves.

It is said that a common business and a common peril unite the dealers in liquor with a bond which makes it sure that they will act as one. We propose to unite against them a hundred times as many men and women, who believe that the liquor traffic brings grievous calamities to the land. We shall use every prudent and right method to carry out our purpose, and ask all good people, men and women, of all parties and creeds, to join us in such endeavours.

DANIEL DORCHISTER,  
Boston, President,

ALBERT H. PLUMB,  
Boston, Rec. Sec'y.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER,  
Clinton, Ia., Gen. Sec.

JOSEPH D. WEEKS,  
Pittsburgh, Pa., Treas.

36 Bromfield St., Boston, Jan. 12, 1885.

## FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society was held in Cincinnati, Dec. 29. A feeling of sadness pervaded the session because of the death of Bishop Wiley, who had been identified with the work of the society from the first, and who had for several years been its president. Bishop Wiley was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop Wiley.

The financial year closed July 1, 1884. The following summaries are from the treasurer's report.—

Am't rec'd this year from collections, \$18,452.35  
Am't rec'd last year 11,152.72

Increase, \$15,299.53  
This increase in the current receipts is from the following sources:

Conferences, \$2,799.67  
Sister Fund, 4,000.00  
Feastday Fund, 500.00  
Individual donations, 9,643.83  
Tuition and room rent from students, 1,065.83

It has exceeded this year, \$147,651.78  
142,607.14

An increase in expenditures of  
Total receipts this year, \$13,740.63  
" last " \$15,425.72

Total decrease in receipts this year, \$16,864.67

Grand total this year, \$151,195.60

The most encouraging fact in this showing is the increase in regular collections. The total decrease in receipts results from a large amount of gifts the year previous.

An encouraging result of the year's work was given in the report of the corresponding secretary. The excellent character of the schools supported in the South had been maintained. The teachers had been faithful to their duties, and a goodly number of students had graduated and gone forth to useful and honorable effort, to bless the church and nation. The enlargement of the work so as to include the educational work among the whites had not brought into the treasury as much money as was needed. It takes time to mature a new movement or to widen the sphere of one already inaugurated. Twenty-one institutions of learning are maintained among the freedmen, in which a 100 teachers and 3,623 students. Aid has been extended to the work among the whites as it could be done without interfering with the work among the freedmen. Our white people, with great heroism and sacrifice, have laid the foundations of an educational system in the South. Already there are eighteen institutions with 86 teachers, and over 2,000 students.

—A young man to

young lady to

young lady to

young man to

## The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, January 20.

Failure of Richard Worthington, the New York publisher.

Termination of the strike of the brakemen of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne &amp; Chicago railroad against the "double-header" system of running freight trains.

Property worth \$60,000 destroyed by the recent earthquake in Malaga, Spain.

Large attendance at the funeral of Edmund Abbott, the distinguished author, Paris.

Some uneasiness felt in regard to the condition of the Emperor William, who is confined to his bed by illness.

Refusal of Egypt to cede to Italy the town of Massowah, on the Red Sea coast.

Congress.—Nearly the entire session of the Senate was occupied in pronouncing eulogies on the death of the late Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. A large number of bills were introduced in the House, and a motion to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill to establish and regulate consular courts of the United States in foreign countries, was lost.

Wednesday, January 21.

Nomination, by the President, of Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Massachusetts for commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics.

Many villages in the highlands of Piedmont and Savoy devastated by avalanches.

Discussion, at length, of the Egyptian question by the British cabinet.

Congress.—The Senate, yesterday, passed the bill relative to the inspector general's department of the army, and further considered the interstate commerce bill. No action was reached. The House was occupied in discussing the Indian appropriation bill, and in pronouncing eulogies in memory of the late Congressman Evans of South Carolina.

Thursday, January 22.

Beginning of the march of Gen. Hatch's command against the Oklahoma invaders. Gen. Angar instructed by the War Department to re-enforce the General as soon as possible.

Eight hundred cases of satinetts sold at a pre-emptory auction sale of woolen goods in New York.

Arrival, in this city, of the two replicas of the bust of the post Longfellow in Westminster Abbey—gifts of the Prince of Wales.

Occurrence of a severe engagement between the British troops under Gen. Stewart and a portion of El Mahdi's forces, near the Abu-Kien wells, about twenty-three miles from Metemneb. The rebel loss in killed placed at 800, the wounded probably far exceeding that number. British loss, 74 killed and 94 wounded. The celebrated Col. Burnaby among the killed.

The stockholders of the Montreal, Portland &amp; Boston Railroad Company restrained by an injunction from holding a meeting at Montreal.

The loss of life by the recent avalanches in Italy reported to be very large.

Rear Admiral Riencourt appointed to the command of a naval division under Admiral Courbet, the commander of the French squadron in Chinese waters.

Congress.—The Senate yesterday discussed the bill for the establishment of a United States court of appeals, and also the interstate commerce bill. Eulogies were pronounced on the death of the late Congressman Evans of South Carolina. A bill was reported in the House authorizing the establishment of export-tobacco manufactorys. The agricultural appropriation bill was reported. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed at length. The balance of the session was occupied in pronouncing eulogies on the death of Senator Anthony.

Friday, January 23.

Property valued at \$500,000 disposed of by the will of the late Schuyler Colfax. No public bequests made.

Settlement of the troubles of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church of New York; Dr. Newman resigning, and absolving the congregation from the payment of his salary, amounting to \$6,000.

Five years' extension of time asked for by the embarrassed firm of Oliver Bros. and Phillips, of Pittsburgh, Penn., granted by the creditors.

A Republican mayor chosen in Wheeling, W. Va.—the first time in twenty years.

Dedication of a Presbyterian Church in Rome, Italy.

Congress.—The Oklahoma Indian lands question was discussed at considerable length in the Senate yesterday. During the executive session the nomination of Col. Carroll D. Wright to be commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics was confirmed. The House session was devoted to the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, which was finally passed.

Saturday, January 24.

The old Liberty Bell taken from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and sent by special train to the New Orleans Exposition.

Occurrence of a panic at Port Deposit, Md., the water from the Susquehanna River submerging the lower section of the city.

Intense anxiety prevalent in London concerning the fate of Gen. Stewart and his forces, private dispatches having been received that he had been surrounded by the Mahdi's forces. The report not confirmed, however.

Dispersion of a band of Cambodia insurgents by the French troops, twenty of their number being killed during the engagement.

The Right Rev. Frederick Temple, bishop of Exeter, appointed bishop of London.

The Oder and Elbe rivers closed by ice against navigation by sailing vessels.

Continued re-action of reports of devastation and death caused by the avalanches in the Piedmont Alps.

Congress.—The Senate yesterday further debated the West and Plumb resolutions regarding the Oklahoma Indian lands, finally referring both to the committee on Indian affairs. In the House a resolution directing the judiciary committee to inquire whether the constitutional prerogatives of that body had not been invaded by the Senate in originating such a measure as the Blair educational bill, was, after a protracted debate, laid on the table. At the evening session 46 bills were passed.

Monday, January 26.

Three serious dynamite explosions in London—two at the houses of Parliament and one at the Tower—on Saturday. Great damage to property and person. Intense excitement in the city.

Loss of the schooner "Carl W. Baxter." The captain and crew (with one exception) brought safely to Gloucester by the "Henry W. Longfellow."

Occurrence, on Saturday, of the funeral of Dr. William H. Channing, in the Arlington Street Church, this city; his remains arriving from England on the "Samaria."

No definite intelligence concerning General Stewart since the battle at Abu-Kien wells.

Congress.—In the Senate on Saturday, Mr. Edmunds introduced a bill, which was referred to the committee on the judiciary, relative to the punishment of persons concerned in dynamite plots. The Nicaragua treaty was further discussed in the executive session. The House passed the agricultural appropriation bill.

It would be difficult to pass through School Street and not notice the display of elegant lap robes and woolen cloths in the spacious windows of Messrs. C. A. Smith &amp; Co., 18 School Street. This firm make a specialty of the best custom work, and hence all their cloths are of the choicest grades. We are glad to recognize, as one of the leading men of this house, a good Methodist brother, Mr. C. G. Seal of the Winterup Street M. E. Church, Roxbury. Mr. Seal, by his courteous demeanor and square dealing, has won the respect and confidence of a large circle of acquaintances and friends. All in want of goods in his line will find it for their advantage to make him a call.

The English calendar introduced several years ago by Jones, McDuffee &amp; Stratton appeared tardily for 1885, having been landed from the steamer Norseman on Saturday. They are from the Wedgwood pottery of Etruria, Staffordshire.

How to Cure CATARRH.—Catarach is very frequently mistaken for Consumption, the symptoms in each being much alike, especially in the earlier stages. No one who recognizes in his own system, or who has friends or relatives with any of the symptoms so accurately described, should fail to send a statement of the case to Mr. Childs. There may be hope even in desperate cases.

Discovery of his cure for Catarach and disease of the Throat and Lungs, has attracted great attention. Leading men everywhere publicize that Childs' treatment has cured them or their families of Catarach or Throat or Lung difficulties—among them clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, bankers and business men. All who have personally investigated the facts, are satisfied that Mr. Childs has discovered a certain, positive and permanent cure for these diseases, and when properly used no cure is better.

Hiram E. CARPENTER, H. E. CARPENTER, &amp; C. A. LEFFINGWELL, of JANESVILLE, WIS., have a small part of a box of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP. I commend by taking a tabletful of Resolvent three times a day, and a tabletful of Cuticura twice a day, and a good soap, and Cuticura soap freely applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to home in just six weeks from time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

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